Thine in the dearest designe of industrie.

Don Adriano de Armatho.

Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainst thee thou Lambe that standest as his pray;
Submissiue fall his princely feet before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou striue (poore soule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is he that indited this Letter?
What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you euer heare better?

Boy I am much deceiued, but I remember the stile.

Qu. Else your memory is bad, going ore it ere while.

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keepes here in court.
A Phantasime a Monorcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gaue thee this Letter?

Clow. I told you my Lord.

Qu. To whom should'st thou giue it;

Clow. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady.

Clo. From my Lord *Berowne* a good master of mine,
To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rosaline*.

Qu. Thou hast mistaken his Letter. Come Lords away.
Heere sweet, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day. *Exeunt.*

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of Beautie.

Rosa. Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarrie.
Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Rosa. If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not neare.
Finely put on indeede.

Maria. You still wrangle with her *Boyet*, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower.
Haue I hit her now.

Rosa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may answere thee with one as old that was a woman when Queene *Guinouer* of *Brittaine* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it my good man.

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:
And I cannot, another can. *Exit.*

Clo. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.

Mar. A marke maruellous well shot, for they both did hit.

Boy. A Mark, O marke but that marke: a marke sayes my Lady.
Let the marke haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Clo. Indeede a'must shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Clow. Then will she get the vpshoot by cleauing the is in.

Ma. Come, come, you talke greasily, your lips grow foule.

Clow. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir challenge her to boule.

Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good Oule.

Clo. By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.
O my troth most sweet iests, most incony vulgar wit,
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were so fit.
Armathor ath to the side, O a most dainty man.
To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.
To see him kisse his hand, and how most sweetly a will sweare:
And his Page at other side, that handfull of wit,
Ah heauens, it is most patheticall nit.
Sowla, sowla. *Exeunt.*

Shoote with him.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reuerent sport truely, and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Ped.